



NO. 18 00006
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all new
The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS

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COMICS
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AUTHORITY

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

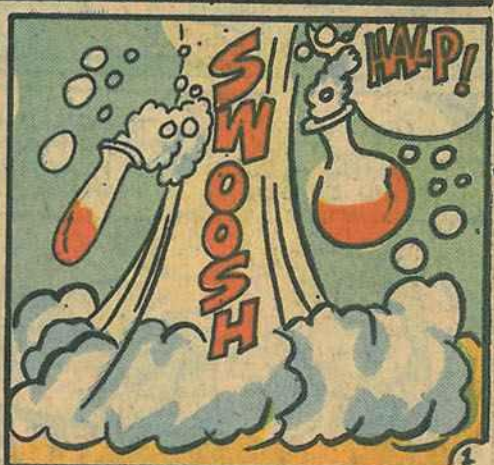
Hanna-Barbera
Productions



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Barney & Betty in THE MOD SCIENTIST

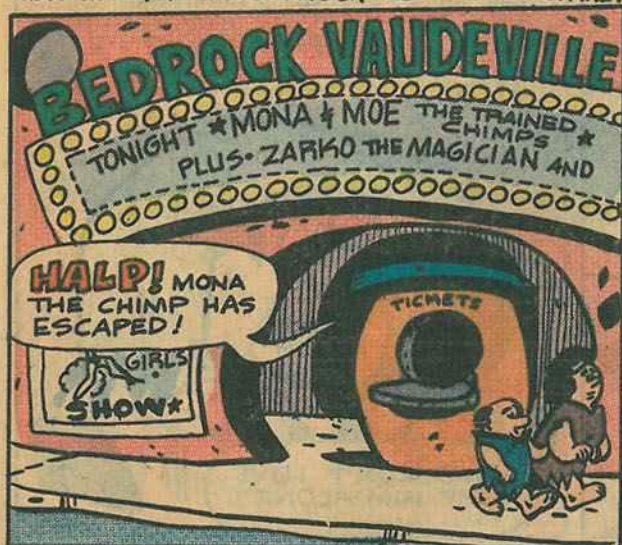


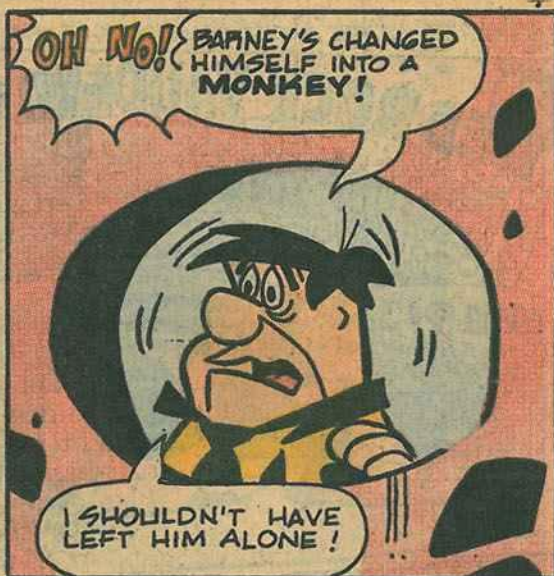
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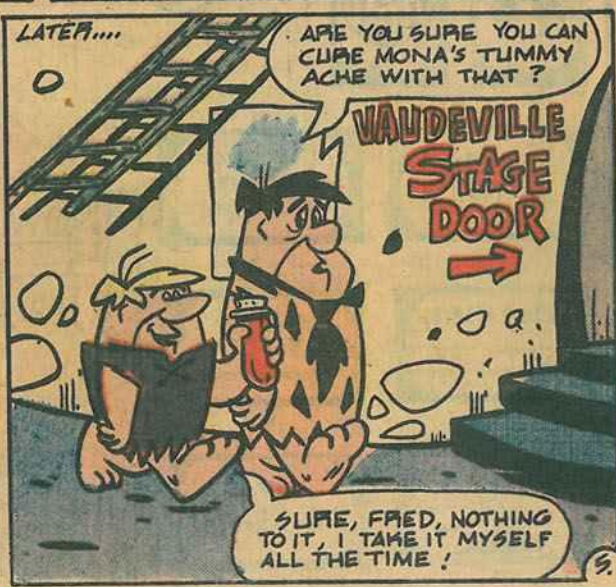
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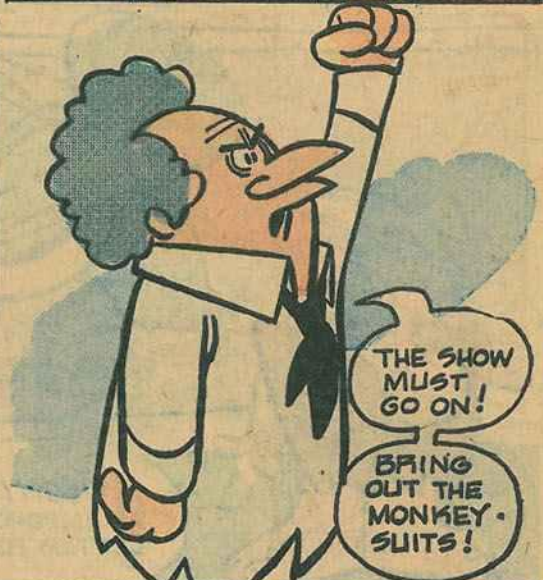


MEANWHILE, AT THE BEDROCK VAUDEVILLE THEATRE...







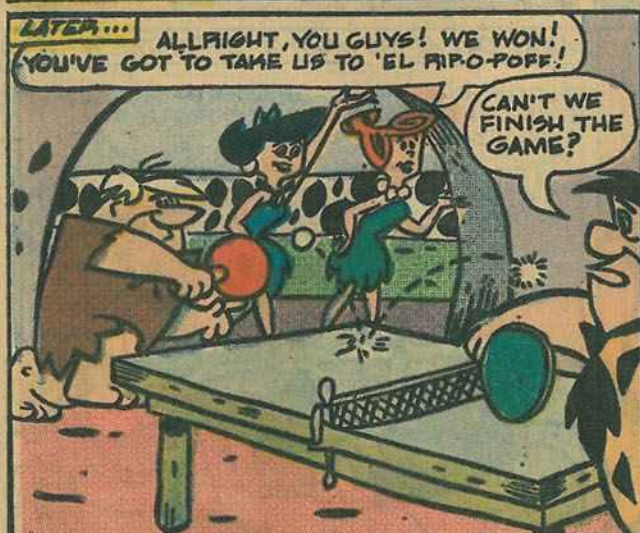


Barney & Betty Rubble

IN ROAD TEST









**S
P
L
A
T**



Bamby & Betty RUBBLE

WHO'S UP, DOC?

HEY, BETTY, WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
HOPPY?

OH, THE BIG
BABY... YOU'D
THINK NO ONE
HAS EVER HAD A
STOMACH ACHE
BEFORE!

I'D BETTER
TAKE HIM TO
THE DOCTOR!



D-7715





BAMBY & BETTY IN RUBBLE

KNOT UP TO PAR

AAAAH... THERE'S NOTHING MORE RELAXING THAN A GOOD ROUND OF GOLF!

FORE!



EAT YOUR HEART OUT, ARNOLD PALMTREE!

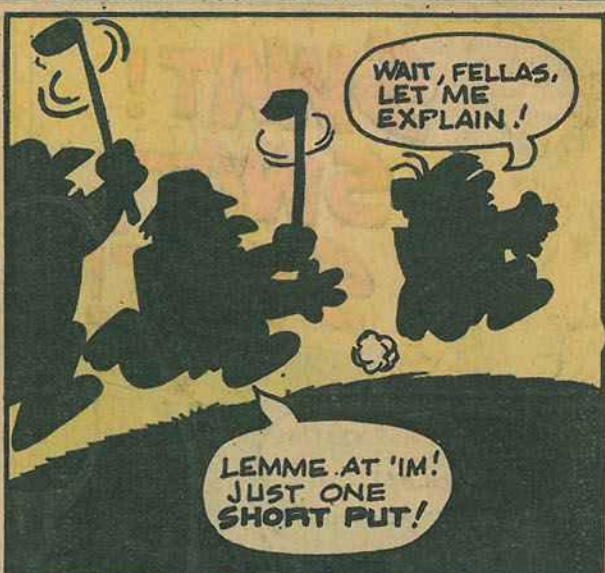


HUH?

THE-HIE

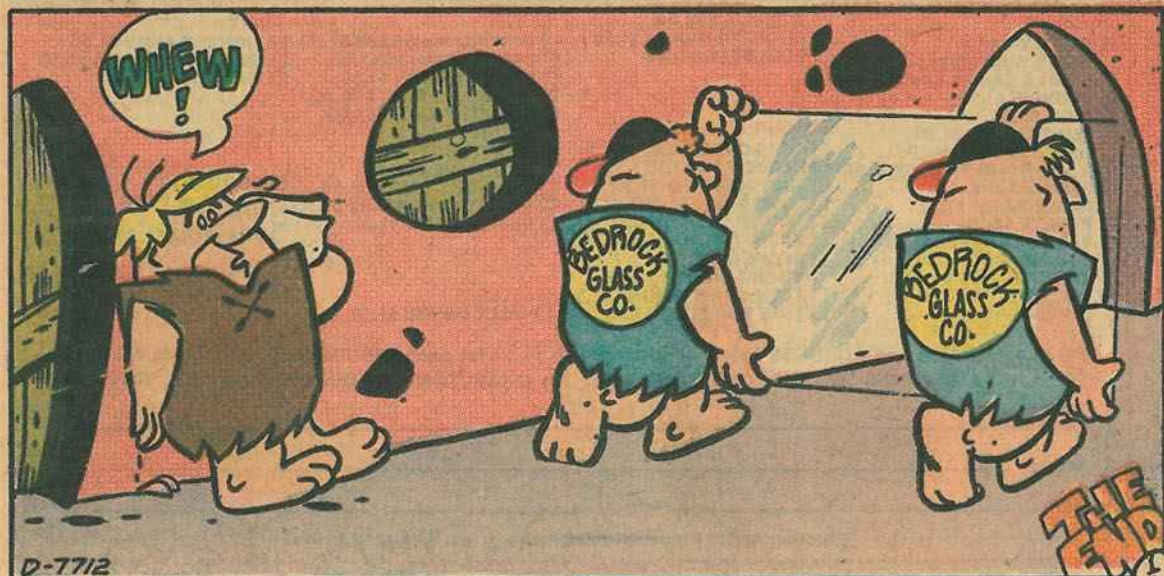
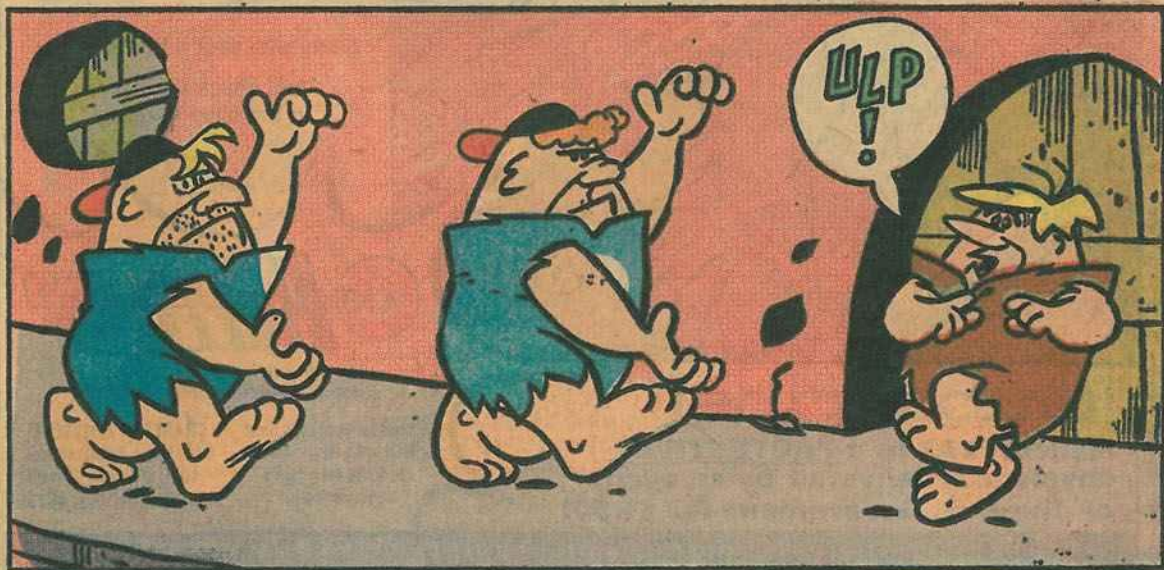




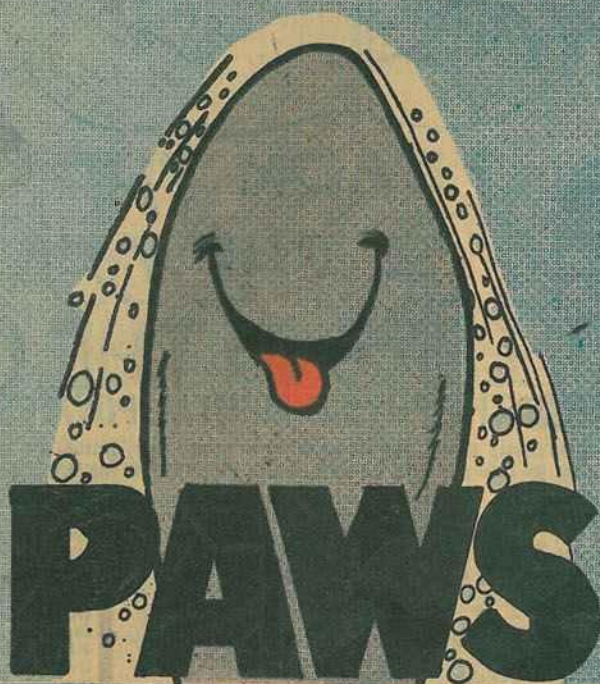


BARNEY & BETTY **RUBBLE IN** **A REAL** **PANE**





Barney & Betty RUBBLE



LATER....

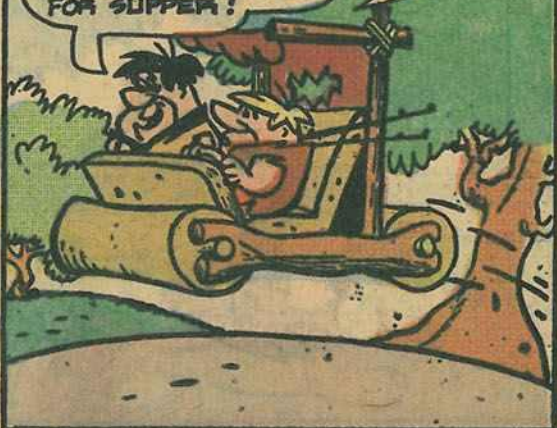
STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT MOVIE AND GO TO SLEEP! REMEMBER YOU AND FRED ARE GOING FISHING TOMORROW!

FISHING?
.... OH.....
YEAH, I'D FORGOTTEN!



HEY, FRED, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THERE COULD BE ANY MONSTERS WHERE WE'RE GOING, DO YOU?

I SURE HOPE SO, I'D LIKE TO CATCH A FEW FOR SUPPER!



SEE, BARNEY...NOW HOW COULD YOU THINK THERE WERE ANY MONSTERS OUT IN THAT PEACEFUL WATER?

WELL, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES, I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!



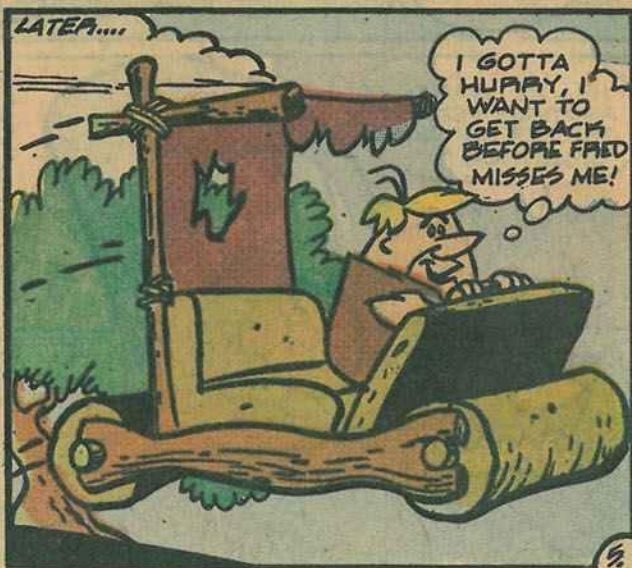
HA, HA, THAT DUMMY, HE SAW THAT STUPID MOVIE AND NOW HE'S AFRAID TO GO NEAR THE WATER!
.... SO LONG SCARDY-CAT, DON'T GET TOO NEAR THE GOLDFISH BOWL! HEE HEE



I DON'T CARE WHAT FRED SAYS... I'M STAYING WHERE IT'S SAFE!

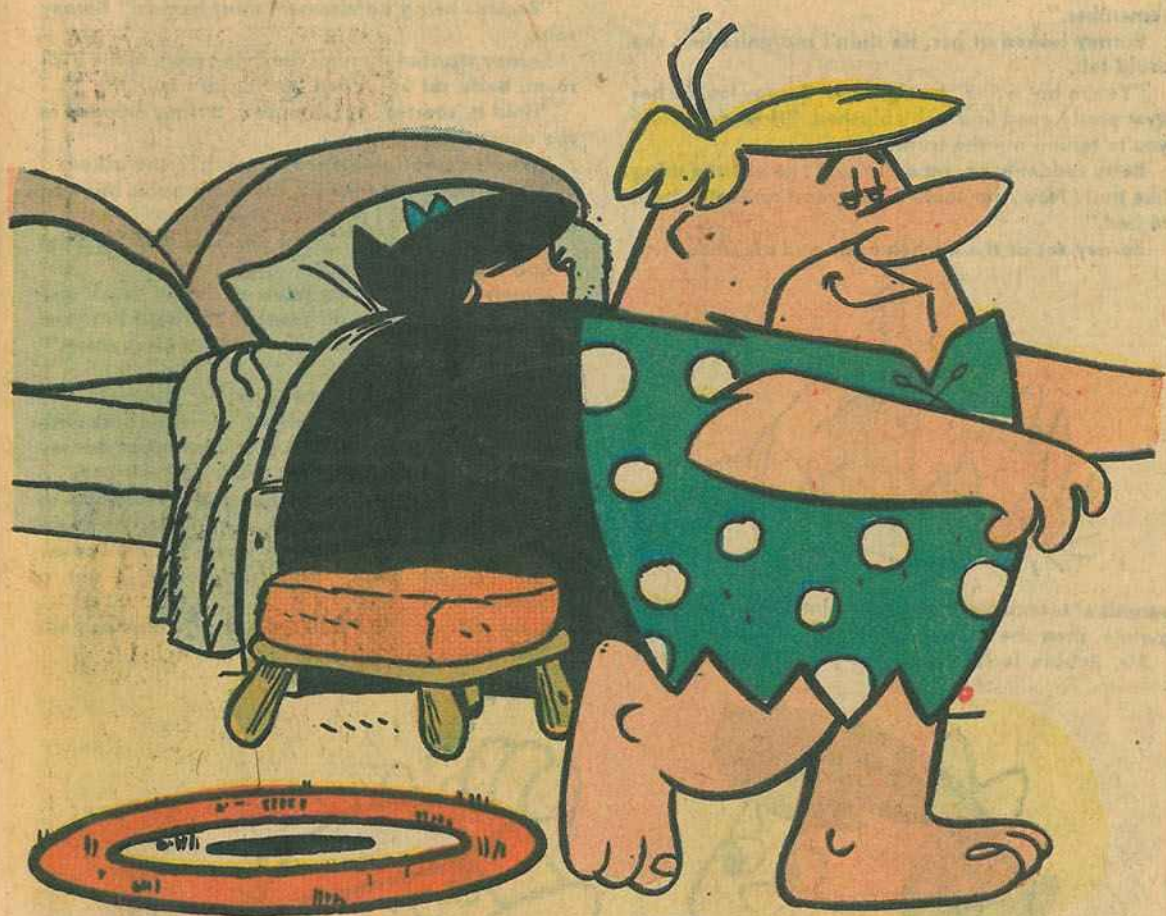








Who Am I?



When Barney slept, he often dreamed. And what he dreamed about most often was food. So, when Barney dreamed about food, he'd get up in the middle of the night and go sleepwalking right to the icebox.

In Bedrock, 7,000 B.C., they didn't have refrigerators yet.

Give or take a few 1,000 years, that's when Barney, Betty, and the Flintstones were living it up.

So, Barney dreamed about food. And one night he dreamed about the cold brontosaurus roast in the icebox. So, Barney got up in his sleep, very carefully so he wouldn't awaken Betty, and headed for the icebox in the kitchen. He almost had it made when in the dark kitchen he stepped on Bamm-Bamm's rattle.

It rolled. Barney tumbled, Barney came down on his

head.

WHACK!

Betty heard it all. She heard the rattle. She heard Barney's yell as he went up in the air and then came down on his head.

Betty ran to the kitchen and there was Barney balanced precariously on his flat head. She pushed him gently and he subsided with a frightening thud.

Betty looked at him. She went to the sink and got a cup of cold water to splash him. It didn't work. Barney laid on his back, snoring gently. Betty was worried so she pinched him, slapped him, and then gave him a big kiss. Nothing worked. Especially not the kiss.

So, Betty did the only thing left to do. She opened the icebox, took out the remains of the bronto roast

and passed it slowly under his nose.

Barney's eyelids fluttered, then his eyes opened slowly. The miracle drug, brentosaurus roast, had worked again!

"Duh... that's bee-yootiful!" Barney said with great sincerity and sat up, at the same time reaching for the big platter of meat.

"Oh, no," Betty said, yanking the platter out of reach. "You're on a diet, remember?"

Barney looked at Betty blankly.

"No, I don't remember. And what are you doing in my house, lady?"

Betty stared. "What am I doing in your house? This is our house and I'm your wife in case you can't remember."

Barney looked at her. He didn't recognize her, she could tell.

"You're my wife?" he repeated. Barney looked her over pretty good and Betty blushed. "How do I know you're telling me the truth?"

Betty suddenly got mad. "Would I lie about a thing like that? Now, eat some brenton roast and come back to bed."

Barney sat at the kitchen table and ate about two



pounds of brenton. Betty watched him chomp away for awhile, then she went back to bed.

Mr. Rubble looked after the pretty brunette and

wondered if she was lying to him. He didn't know he was Barney Rubble, of course. He'd had a total loss of memory when he got hit on his head.

So, he went in the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

The face looking back at him was that of a total stranger. But he had to admit he was a pretty good-looking guy.

"Hmm. No wonder she says I'm her husband," Barney said to himself. "I'm a pretty good-looking guy."

In the living room, he looked around. TV set. Couch. Chair. Good solid rock house. Whoever he was, he was pretty well off.

"Besides being handsome, I must be rich!" Barney said.

Barney strutted through the living room to the bedroom. Betty sat up in bed, staring at him.

"Hold it, shorty!" she snapped. Barney stopped in the doorway.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

Barney looked at the nice, big comfortable bed and yawned. "To bed. I live here, right?"

Betty looked at him. "If you live here, then who am I. And what's your name?"

Barney patted his bellyful of brenton roast and belched. "What's the difference? You said I'm your husband. I'm tired out and I wanta get some sleep."

Betty looked at him.

"Oh, no! Just stand right there, Mr. Rubble!"

Betty got up, went to the closet, and came back with a nice club. She brought it up and whacked Barney good and hard on top of his head.

Barney went down again. Betty put the club back in the closet and then came back, wiping Barney's face gently with a cool cloth. Barney's eyes fluttered open.

"Betty?" he said. "What happened. I got a headache!"

Betty smiled. "That's all right, dear. Come on back to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

